

THE Devonshire Boys' Courage

AND
Loyalty to their Majesties King WILLIAM and
QUEEN MARY ; in defending their Country
against the invasion of the French.

To the Devonshire New-Musick call'd the Devonshire Boys' March - O. The Lagger March, &c.



Brave Devonshire Boys, come to your Bloody shore,
And help us to defend our Country, our Queen,
And France, which has been so long vexed.

When as the Frenchmen do come over,
The French we will not let them have,
But make them pay for their coming.

The Haldon-Hill we will stand upon,
And let the Frenchmen have no room
To stand upon, when they come to us.

Brave Devonshire Boys who march them to,
They to another place dare go ;
And if they can never return,
To burn the French-men has been their aim.

Look for their coming to prepare,
In Devonshire, if to Land they dare,
And let their Courage they'll pull down,
The burning of poor Tinmouth Town.

Our French they'll have an English Answer,
That they are not welcome in France ;
And let them not bring harm
To us, when they come to us.



Let Monsieur then do what he can,
We'll still Reign Spellers o're the Main ;
Old Englands Right won't the less,
In spite of France maintain'd shall be.

No Seaman fears to lose his Blood,
To subdue a cause so good ;
To fight the French, who have begun
With burning of poor Tinmouth Town.

The Cornish Lads will lend a hand,
And Devonshire Boys will wish them Band,
To pull the pine of Monseur down,
Who basely burn'd poor Tinmouth Town.

To our most Gracious King and Queen,
Their Loyalty it shall be seen ;
With heart and hand they know how to fight,
To maintain King William's Right.

With such Loyal hearts be bound,
In all the Counties England bound ;
Then let the French-men us approach,
Their Bloody Tressels we will shooch.

We hope our Fleet will prove most just,
In not betraying of their Trust,
Then the French shall pay full score,
For torturing on our English shore.

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If in our hands they once be fall,
They certainly shall pay for all,
The Damask bone, in burning down,
And burning of poor Tinmouth Town.

Dutch men at Willar they will us meet,
For to compleat our Royal Fleet ;
What being done they will advance,
For to pull down the pride of France.

Let's pray kind Heaven for to bless,
Our Gracious King with good success
Then we shall all right happy be,
For to Enjoy our Liberty.

We will advance King William's sons,
And add new Glory to his name,
The hawkyt Monseur we'll pluck down,
For to advance Old Englands Town.

Poor England is so powerful grown,
Poor Monseur terrors in his Thone,
Brave Sons with Courage let's proceed,
No English-man will fear to bleed.

Then let proud French-men all beware,
That O're they did to England sail,
Not words but blows shall make it our,
When we wish them have 'other bair.